



Puck

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SOULLESS.

EDITH.—What a soulless creature she is!

ETHEL.—Yes! To say she had seen Paderewski, and *rather* liked him!

A GREAT INVENTOR'S SOLILOQUY.

IT'S GETTING to be an awful strain, in spite of the fact that it used to seem so easy. While Edison and Marconi and these other common inventors were dawdling along with little, every-day devices, like wireless telegraphy and such things and then foolishly stopping to deliver the goods, I just went on, and on, and on—inventing and having it published about. All I had to do was simply to lasso a reporter and tell him how *my* ether vibrator would make the milky way quiver like a mould of jelly—when I got it oiled up and in good working order—and I had whole pages in the Sunday papers while the public requested *my* picturesque name with awe. Oh! I was all the money!

“But the public are getting restless. Some of them actually want to see something! They want some of *my* justly celebrated inventions wrought into unfeeling materials, and brought within the glow of every happy fireside! Just ordinary printer's type is no longer completely satisfying, and there are whispers of ‘four-flushing’—whatever that vulgar term may mean—and still uglier whispers that connect *my* name with that of the late lamented Keely, of motor fame!

“I've got to do some tall inventing, I see that. Something that will cause one of the old time thrills to do a two-step up and down the spine of the great American public. The trouble though with this thrill business is that thrills, like quinine, must be administered in increasing

doses to be effective. And the public is already rather saturated. Of course there are still possibilities for a man of real genius, like *myself*, but I've got to be careful not to make it so strong that there will be nothing left for the next miracle. That's the puzzling part of it. The fierce heat at the centre of the earth has never yet been harnessed, and something might be done with the total eclipse of the sun next May; the music of the spheres has never been reproduced and the Big Dipper has never been emptied; the non-nosable collar button is still in the future along with the latch key that will steadfastly refuse to be left at home in the pockets of a man's other trousers. Thank heaven no one has yet thought of utilizing the freezing power of the moon, and I may turn my attention to that. It seems as if that ought to make interesting reading.

“Oh, well, there's no use being discouraged. Where there's a way there's a will, and all I need to do is to smoke up a little stronger than usual and come out some Sunday in the *Whirled* or the *Choinel* with an extra gaudy and fascinating invention that will once more place the name of Tikolso Telloso at the head of the list—the most colossal Colossus that ever happened. In *my* particular line.”

Chester Randolph.

NOT BY A LONG SHOT.

“We may be farmers,” said the Boer general, as he ordered two more batteries to begin operations; “but that's not admitting we don't know anything about the shell game.”

HE THOUGHT NOT.

“Our defeats,” said the Briton, “were largely due to red tape.”

“Red tape?” said the Boer prisoner, innocently. “I don't think we've been using any.”

HIS SYSTEM.

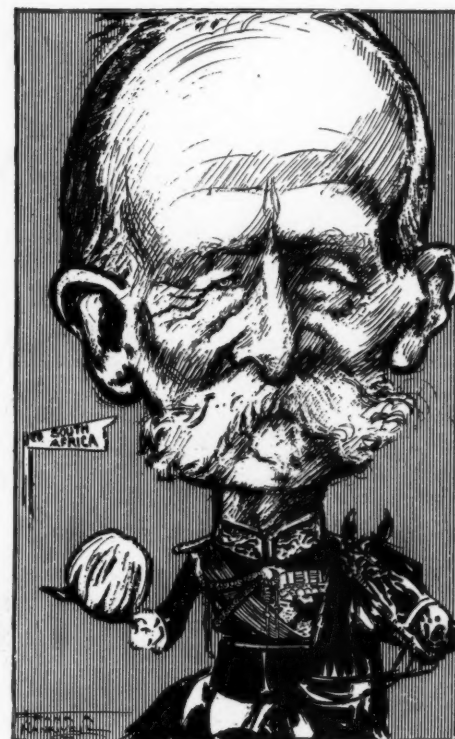
“Yes; I've made quite a little money in stocks during the last few months.”

“Which side?”

“Well, I've sold on every report of a British victory and bought in when the real facts came out.”

EVEN THE Boers are now prepared to admit that Majuba Hill was little more than a skirmish.

IT is rumored that the next time the Czar calls a Peace Conference he will send a special invitation to Kentucky.



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PUCKOGRAPHS.—XLIII.

THE PRESENT HOPE OF THE BRITISH.



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WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

HE.—What if I should catch myself proposing to you?
SHE.—I should consider you a pretty good catch.

THE POETS.

OFTHATH been seen the poet's eye
Sweep o'er a blue, unclouded sky
The while the poet's lips did say:
"Oh, yes, indeed! Fine day!—fine day!" "Is n't this storm a corker? Eh?"

Bards write in verse but talk in prose,
And therein Nature kindness shows
To those who listen. Goodness knows,
We'd rather have them talk in prose!



L. H. Gifford

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TO BE CONSIDERED.

THE KNIGHT.—And if the worst comes to the worst, remember that a man must die some time!
THE MAN-AT-ARMS.—Yes, Your Honor; but it m-m-makes some difference when he does!

TRIBUNAL OF LAST RESORT.

MAXON.—Did you tell your wife about that California decision that a man had a right to be out all night and give no account of himself?
WAXON.—I did.
MAXON.—Then what did she say?
WAXON.—That the decision was reversed!

FORGOT HIM.

"They say Uncle Ned remembers seeing George Washington."
"No, sah! He used ter remember dat; but he don't since he done jined de chu'ch."

HIS PLAN.

UNCLE SOL.—Now, if you had two apples to divide among t'ree boys how would you do it?
IKEY.—Vell, if I vos vun of der boys, I would let der odder two each haf vun apple undt den each vun should gif me half.

A STROKE OF FINESSE.

"If we give a euchre for our church some of the members will be sure to object."
"No; we can pick them out and put them on the most important committees."

IT IS NEEDED.

"Thomas Jefferson is still the stock in trade of some political speakers," remarked Spykes.
"There ought to be a Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to the Memory of Thomas Jefferson," added Spokes.

THE MANTLE of greatness, like other garments, is chiefly appreciated while it is new.

THERE ARE quite a number of men who would rather be right than go into politics.



MOTHER GOOSE ON 'CHANGE.

"Baa, baa, Black Sheep! have you any wool?"
 "Yes, kind sir; I have three bags full;
 I bear the market with it, and gamble on the rise,
 And often pull it neatly over speculators' eyes!"

THE INFALLIBLE PRELIMINARY.

NELL.—Do you know, I really think I will marry Harry. He is good-looking, rich, and I am rather fond of him!

BELLE.—I did n't know you were engaged.

NELL.—Oh! it's not formal yet; but he has told me that I seem different from other girls.

A LENTEN GREETING FROM THE VEGETARIAN.

What! no meat?

I am something of a Vegetarian

Myself!

Forty days into 365 goes $9\frac{1}{8}$ times.

Whew!

I am $9\frac{1}{8}$ times as good as you!

Yet you make fun of me

All the rest of the year.

You do!

Now, *why*?

I'd like to know!

LEISURE TO TRY A PLEASANT POSE.

SYLVANDER.—Sylvia, believe me, riches would not bring happiness!

SYLVIA.—Nonsense! If I had a million dollars I'd have plenty of time to pretend I was happy, anyway.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

"If a man steals a dollar," shouted the agitator, "society condemns him and authority puts him in prison! If a man steals one hundred thousand dollars, society looks up to him and he is regarded as a king of finance. What does this show?"

"It's just like any of the professions nowadays," replied a bystander. "A man's got to get to the top, or he's no good at all."

HIS OBSERVATION.

HIS WIFE.—Sam Black jes' passed here an' he wuz half-shot.

THE PARSON.—Ah! de Demon Rum am a fust-class marksman! He doan' miss many folks what gits in range!

IN CHICAGO.

MR. PORKCHOPS.—That was a corkin' dinner last night, Maria; but I can't get used to a dress suit.

MRS. PORKCHOPS.—No?

MR. PORKCHOPS.—No. Would n't I have enjoyed that dinner if I could have eat it in my shirt-sleeves!

HIS IMPRESSION.

FIRST BEAR.—That's what they call the "Great Bear." Can't you see it—up there?

SECOND BEAR.—Oh, yes; I see it! But, say! astronomy must be a rubber-necking business, is n't it?



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WASTED SYMPATHY.

KERRIGAN.—Cheer up, Corrigan! Hov a drink with me!

CORRIGAN.—I can't cheer up! Me girl has postponed the wedding for a month!

KERRIGAN.—The devil! I was sympathizing with ye, thinking ye were married already!

TELEGRAPHY.

"What I say goes!" sneered the old-fashioned Morse Sounder.

The Wireless Transmitter made no reply to this taunt, the time not being ripe.

A THEORY.

SHE.—They seem to believe in a long engagement.

HE.—I suppose they wish to prolong their happiness as much as possible.

A COMEDY-TRAGEDY.

"Those folks next door don't get on well at all."

"How do you know?"

"He thinks he can read humorous Irish dialect, and she thinks he can't."

NEVER THOUGHT OF A MIRROR.

PERCY SAPPY.—That dashing Mrs. Makastirr has asked me to take the pawt of a dude in her amateur theatricals next month.

JACK BLUNTLEY.—Well, you ought to make a hit.

PERCY SAPPY.—I know I should; but I have such a deuced short time to study the chawactah!

IN THE DAILY SHOUTER OFFICE.

"There is a startling report in circulation."

"What is it?"

"It is rumored that some of our rumors are true."

CONSIDER THE sausages, smoking hot upon the breakfast table! There's beauty for you more than skin deep.



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FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW.

FIRST COW.—I hear there's an awfully nice man living down the road.

SECOND COW.—What's nice about him?

FIRST COW.—Why, he's a vegetarian!



A DROUGHT.

BRONCO BILL.—Thar 's a frightful drought over in Coyote County!
STRANGER.—No rain?
BRONCO BILL.—No;—no license!

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THE "LOW-BACKED CAR" OF 1900.

(With Apologies to Samuel Lover.)

WHEN first I saw Sweet Alice
'T was on the Avenue;
In crushing style she swept along
In a carriage spick-span new.
Two lackeys towered at her back,
No horses drew the thing;
Where'er she fared the people stared
At the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in her automobile
She made all the other girls feel
Like thirty-two cents;
For with all their pretence
They were n't up to an automobile.

Sweet Alice round her trap, sir,
Soon drew admiring swains;
But every single chap, sir,
Had his labor for his pains.
For she in most imposing state
Went rolling up and down,
And in the shade that lucky maid
Put all the girls in town.
While she sits in her automobile,
The chappies hang over the wheel
And envy the motor
That 's called on to tote her
Round town in her automobile.

Oh! I 'd rather own that trap, sir,
And with Sweet Alice ride,
Than a record mare and a chestnut pair,
With a steam yacht on the side.
For she would sit beside me,
And let me steer, you see!
Maidens and men would envy then
That lucky devil—me!
While we rode in her automobile
To be married by Father O'Neil,
Oh! my heart would be gay
If Sweet Alice would say
I might ride in her automobile!

Frank Roe Batchelder.

A PATERNAL COMMAND OBEYED.

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IRATE AND ANNOYED FATHER.—Mary, what in the world are those children crying for? Give them what they are crying for!
MOTHER.—But they want—
IRATE AND ANNOYED FATHER.—I don't care what they want; give it to them! Anything to stop their bawling!



MOTHER.—All right, James; just as you say!

PUCK.



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE GOLD STANDARD. A BILL ESTABLISHING the gold dollar as our standard unit of value is as good as passed. Probably no silverite's convictions have been jarred thereby; and doubtless we shall continue to hear the old arguments that, by calling fifty cents a dollar, we could all do twice as much work in a day, raise twice as much wheat, get twice as many clothes for our money and be twice as prosperous. But it will be impossible for any President to demonstrate this Alice-in-Wonderland theorem without the aid of Congress; and it is practically certain that the silver issue will not be revived during this generation. For this relief, many thanks to the administration of William McKinley. It has performed the one act it was elected to perform. Mr. Bryan will now have to relegate his cross of gold to the populist attic, and confine himself to pressing his No. 5 3-8 crown of thorns upon such of the brows of Labor as it chances to fit.

THE CANAL. IT IS the Jingo's hallucination that war is the business of life; that peace is an unaccountable and undesirable phenomenon of rare occurrence; and that any public act based upon the assumption that peace will ever be a factor worth considering is suicidal. If this were true there would be no question of our need to control exclusively any isthmian canal that may be built, vast though the expense of fortifying and defending it would be. But the facts are overwhelmingly against the Jingo. War is the exception; peace is the rule. The canal is needed for peace. It might also be needed in war, but the chances between the two are as 999 to 1. With the neutrality of the canal secured by international pledge, it would be preserved through any possible war. A fortified canal, on the other hand, would probably be destroyed, despite our best efforts to defend it, in a war involving its use. The canal will necessarily be of delicate construction. A dozen men with a little dynamite could disable it in half an hour, and the expense of making it a private war device would render it a drain upon the country rather than an advantage to it. No canal at all would be better than the fortified canal for which the Jingos are

contending. In corroboration of this let us cite a man whose opinion ought to carry weight: "Fortifications? Why, of course not! As I understand it, the canal is to be and should be a neutralized commercial pathway between the two great oceans. To fortify it would simply result in making it a battle ground in case of war." That is what Admiral Dewey thinks about the matter.

PROF. SUMNER'S PLATITUDE. WHAT THE newspapers reported that a Yale Professor said about marriage—that "ninety per cent. of marriages are unhappy"—was foolish and untrue. What he did say—that "vicissitudes act on and change the married pair, and not more than ten per cent. of them realize their ideal of marriage"—was also foolish and untrue. The reported saying was untrue because it is safe to estimate that somewhere near ninety per cent. of marriages are "happy marriages" as the term goes. The real saying was untrue because not ten per cent., not even one per cent. of "married people looking back at the end of their lives can honestly say they have realized all the happiness and all the ideals with which they began married life." No one but a devotee of Miss Laura Jean Libby's novels would expect such a thing. But, what then? Can anybody else do this? Can the artist, the artisan, the politician, merchant, bachelor, or, for that matter, the college professor? If ideals were the achievable thing Professor Sumner seems to believe them we should still be the slimy monera floating in our primeval pool. Even Russell Sage will perhaps in this life never achieve his ideal of not spending a cent. But he will doubtless admit that the close approximation he has made to it has brought him happiness, notwithstanding. We are privileged only to approximate our ideals, and marriage is an especially inviting field for the effort. If married people found nothing more in marriage than blind youth dreams is there this life would be dull to dreariness. We think the Professor could have conveyed more valuable and more novel information by reciting the multiplication table to the young men under him.

AS TO HAT-PINS. WE MUST beg the friends of New York throughout the country to remember that it takes all kinds of people to make a New York Assembly. We do this in behalf of our reputation for public decorum, fearing that it may recently have been imperilled by the well-meant but ill-advised action of one of our Assemblymen. He has introduced a bill forbidding the wearing of hat-pins more than three inches long. The law is needed, he explains, because when a lady is arrested she is apt, if at all irritable, to whip out her trusty hat-pin and jab the arresting officer; and that his life is in danger when she may wear a weapon of the hat-pin's present length. We must protest that the need for this law is fancied rather than real. The male citizens of New York, in common with other states, regard the hat-pin fearfully, but not on their own account;—rather by reason of woman's reckless way of using it on herself. No man of sensibility can, without shuddering, see a woman calmly ram a hat-pin through her skull and four or five inches into her brain, which she does every time she puts her hat on. But this is practically the extent of the hat-pin evil in this state. Men wonder how they can do it and live, but they do not fear for themselves. The case of a lady resisting arrest with the hat-pin is too infrequent to excite alarm.

"THERE IS NO WEAPON FIRMER SET—"
"BUT," said the man who is interested in the manner in which history is made, "I thought the Fenians were going to invade Canada one hundred thousand strong, and take possession of the country."
"That was the intintion," replied the official of the great Hibernian brotherhood mentioned. "Lots o' th' b'ys was for war to th' finish. But woiser counsels prevailed. An' we 'll hov the hull Dominion in our hands before the cowardly Canucks know the inimy's among 'em. The new plan is to settle in the country an' wur-rk the proimaries."

CLEARLY INELIGIBLE.

FIRST SENATOR.—This fellow paid a million dollars for his election to the Senate! I shall vote to unseat him!

SECOND SENATOR.—Yes; the chances are such an expenditure leaves him a comparatively poor man!

A SURE SIGN.

"Wa-al, I guess the backbone of Winter is broken and Spring has sartinly come, in spite of all prognostications to the contrary," said the Old Codger. "I see that the bunch of bananas with a tarantula in it has got into the country newspapers."

A THEORY.

"Don't you suppose Methuen has been doing anything at all since the battle of Magersfontein?"

"I don't know. He may have been building an underground railroad to Pretoria."

CAN'T STAND PROSPERITY—The Bryan Movement.

THE FUNCTION of the coaling station is to help make it hot for the enemy.



A SERIOUS DIFFICULTY.

LORD NOPLUNKS.—I wish somebody would organize a matrimonial insurance company—insure us against a failure to marry heiresses.

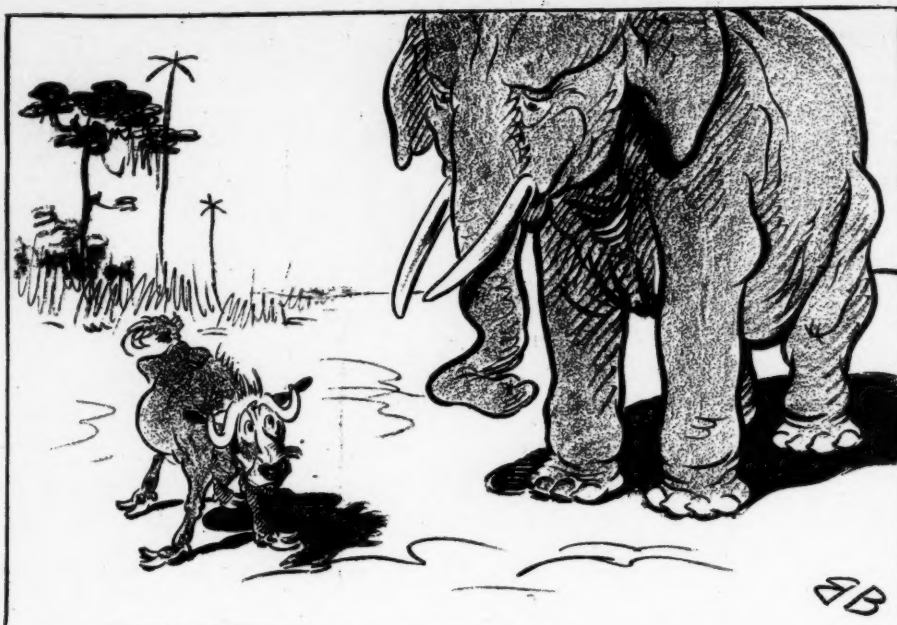
LORD NARYARED.—But, deah boy, how in the deuce could we pay the premiums?



THE JINGO AT HIS OLD TRICKS AGAIN.

PUCK.





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A PRECAUTION.

THE ELEPHANT.—The Lion says he would like very much to meet you.
THE GNU.—Er—does he observe Lent?

MULLIGAN'S HISTORY OF THE ANGLO-BOER WAR. CHAPTER IV.—FARQUHAR'S FARM AND NICHOLSON'S NEK.



WELL, Gin'ral Whoite united his forces at Ladysmith an' the London papers brathed aisier an' praydicted great things. An' the Boers closed in an' began mountin' big guns on the hills around, Frinch guns an' Jarman guns; an' though the shellin' was not effective it was irritatin'. An' Gin'ral Whoite was not the man to submit to it without shtroik-in' a blow. So, in order to make sure av what he was doin', he wint up in a balloon an' tuk a bird's-eye view of the Boer camps. An' he seen thim mountin' big guns an' constructin' a camp on wan partic'lar hill; so he stole out slyly the followin' mornin' to take thot hill an' sich av the bur-rghers as he'd foind on it. Well, whether they soized up the balloon or not I dunno, but when Whoite got up to the hill the big guns was all gone, an' so was the Boers; but they soon showed themselves from another p'int where they had n't been at all whin Whoite was up in the balloon. The War Office has not admitted thot Whoite was rattled by these very paycular prosaydin's on the par-rt av the bur-rghers, but it's no wonder he wud be; an' whoile particulars av the foight is har-rd to get the gin'ral opinion is thot the Br-ritish got a blow in the neighborhood av the solar plixus. At anny rate, they fell back to Ladysmith an' they tuk no captured prisoners or guns wit' thim.

But thot is not the whole story av this milancholy day. The noight before, it bein' a foine Sunda' noight, whin the mimbbers av the Dutch Rayforrumed Church moight be ixpected to be attandin' prayer meetin' instid av settin' wicked an' malicious thraps, a day-tachmint av Oirish Fusiliers an' some English companies an' tin mountain guns with the most cilibrated mules mitioned in histhry, wint out to sayze a position which the Boers moight foind handy if they cud get it. But before the daytachmint cud rache the position the mules, whether from pure cur-rsedness or bein' disl'y'al an' unpatriotic mules, or whether they wor broibed by the Boers wit' flatherin' pr-promises av bales av hay—however it happened, the mules stampeded wit' the artillery an' ran away to the lines av the Boers who resayved both mules an' guns wit' open ar-rums. An' thin the Boers attacked the R'yal Oirish an' their Anglo-Saxon companions in misfor-tune an' as they numbered only twelve or foorteen hundred min against ninety-thousand six hundred an' twinty-three Boers they cud do nothin' but surrinder. An' besides bein' overwhelmed be numbers they had no ammunition left—fired the last shot, bedad! An' besides that, the surrinder was all a mistake—some infayrior officer tould thim to cease foirin' an' they wor very indignant about it, although they had no more ammunition. The other ixplanations Oi disraymimber at prisint but there are a great manny av thim. In fact, this battle is noted for bein' the fur-rst wan av the war in which the Br-ritish gev out some raly injaynious ixcuses for bein' licked; but there were more av thim afterward.

An' whin Gin'ral Whoite rayloized where he was at an' where the R'yal Oirish an' the mountain guns was at, he fell back to Ladysmith an'

divisions was sint to raylave both Kimberley an' Ladysmith. The fate of the divisions we shall consider in the nixt chapter.

IT is said that Kruger admits privately that the chances of compelling John Bull to trek out of Cape Colony are not as brilliant as they might be.



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A FORECAST.

MRS. BOWERS.—It made the preacher's wife awfully mad to see me have a new hat on this morning. I'll wager I know his text for next Sunday's sermon!

MR. BOWERS.—You do?

MRS. BOWERS.—Yes. Human vanity!



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with

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The Prudential

wrote more insurance in
1899 than any other Life
Insurance company in the
world.

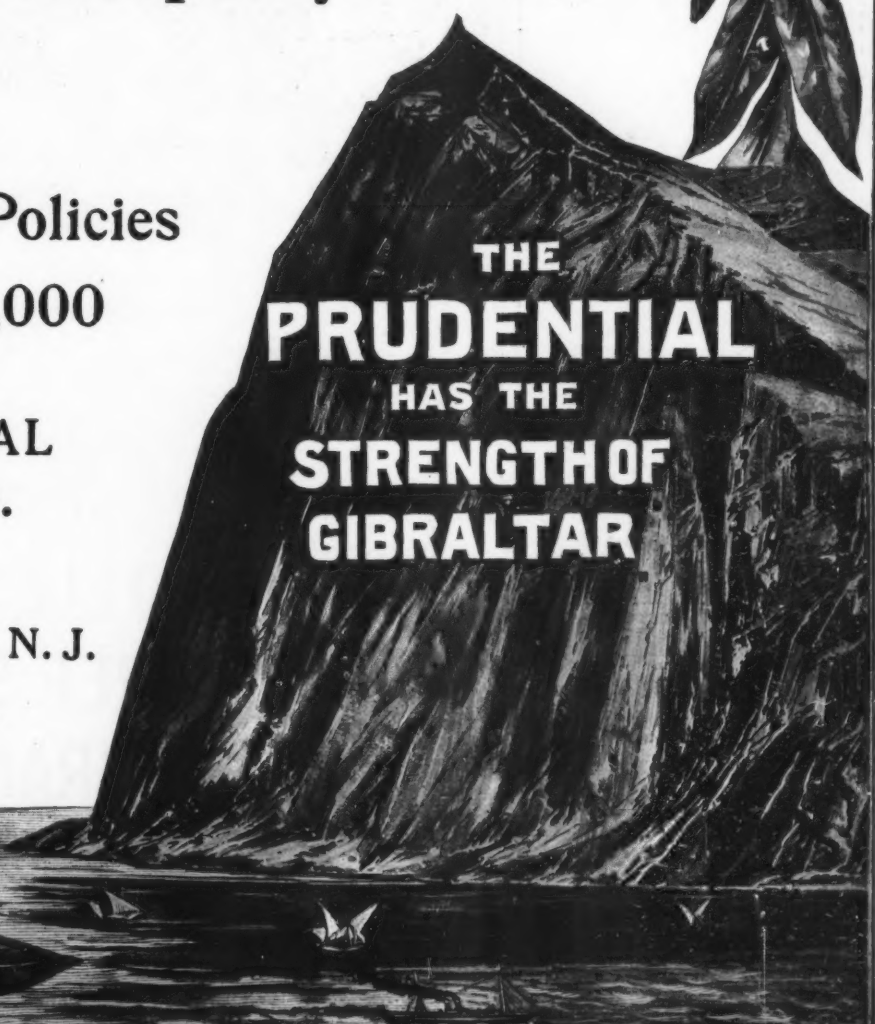
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Constipation,
Sick Headache.
10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.

A BARBER never asks you if the razor is hurt-
ing you, unless he is sure it is not.—*Washington
Democrat.*

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in the great Rambler factories,
twenty-one years ago, were ridden by
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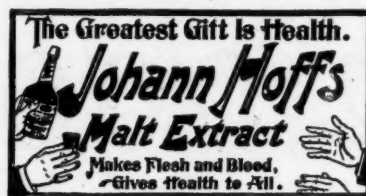
Established 1823.

**WILSON
WHISKEY.**

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

WE have always
had the opinion that
a man named John
Smith should be com-
pelled to buy a dia-
mond for an engage-
ment ring twice as
large as if he were
named Montgomery
Montmorency.—*Atchi-
son Globe.*



It sounds a good
deal more creepy for
an old man to joke
about his funeral than
for a young man.—
Washington Democrat.

It is not only better
to behave well, but it
takes up less time.—
Atchison Globe.



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FROM OBLIVION TO FAME.

MR. HARLEM FLATTE.—So you find it more advantageous to live in Lonesomehurst than you
do in the city?

MR. BARREN WASTE.—Well, I should say! What was I when I lived in New York? Why,
nothing but a mere human being; one of four million, nothing more! Now look at me. What
am I now? Why, President of the Lonesomehurst Bean-Bag and Checker Club; Secretary of the
Train-Catchers' Social Club and Assistant Foreman of the Lonesomehurst Engine Company No. 1.
Don't say New York to me!

Angostura Bitters,
prepared by Dr. J. G.
B. Siegert for his pri-
vate use, has become
famous as the best ap-
petizing tonic.

We never expect to
break down and cry
in a cemetery unless
we some day discover
a stone that reads:
"She was a good
cook."—*Atchison Globe.*

It is not always the
most successful fisher-
man who can tell the
most catchy story.—
Star of Hope.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

**MARTELL'S
THREE STAR
BRANDY**

A BOY FROM
BOSTON.

"You want a place
as office-boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you
from?"

"Boston."

"Ah! How much
pay per week do you
want?"

"I want a hundred
dollars, sir."

"A hundred dol-
lars?"

"Yes, sir. That's
what I want; but I
expect to get about
three dollars."—*De-
troit Free Press.*

RETribUTION.

The boy who throws the snow ball now
At venerable folk
One day his punishment shall find.
On him will be the joke.

For he'll grow up in course of time
And solemn methods learn.
And then he will by urchins small
Be snow-balled in his turn.

—*Washington Star.*

SHE.—I understand you were stuck
on that new book of mine?

HE.—Yes; I bought one.—*Yonkers
Statesman.*

Leads.

**Talk is Nothing.
Taste is Everything.**

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BY

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WOULD SPOIL IT.

"Dear," remarked the poet's wife, breaking in upon his muse, "who do you suppose called to day?"

"I don't know," he replied, rather shortly, "Can't you think?" she persisted.

"Gracious!" he snapped; "how do you expect me to think now? I'm writing a sonnet for the *Highcult Magazine*—*Catholic Standard and Times*."

BILL.—I see a new law in Missouri compels barbers to undergo an examination before they are licensed to practice the tonorial art.

JILL.—Is it an examination in elocution, do you suppose? —*Yonkers Statesman*.

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Send \$1.25, \$2.40, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

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A MISTAKE.

"It's a great mistake to give a man money for his political influence," said Senator Sorghum. "You think it's wrong?"

"It's imprudent! When he gets the money there's no keeping tab on him. The best thing is to promise him an office. Then you can keep him in line." — *Washington Star*.

CITY SIGHTS.

"Uncle Abner, did you enjoy staying at that big hotel in town?"

"Gee! I guess so! I rid up an' down in that there iron fire-escape all day fer nothin'." — *Detroit Free Press*.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



This is how he looked when he tried a substitute for Williams' Soap, which his dealer urged upon him.



This is his expression when he had again procured the "Old Reliable" Williams' Shaving Soap.

DON'T be persuaded to buy something represented to be "just as good as WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP, and a little cheaper." The dealer may make a trifle more, but you'll be sad. Instead of the Big, Thick, CREAMY Lather, and the SOOTHED, REFRESHED, VELVETY FEELING of the face, that comes after shaving with WILLIAMS' SOAP, the chances are that you'll get one of the thin, frothy, quick-drying kinds that dull the razor and leave your face parched and drawn and smarting, if nothing worse.

IT DON'T PAY to take chances on SHAVING SOAP. 99 out of every hundred men will tell you that Williams' are the ONLY PERFECT shaving soaps.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers, and are sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts. Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15 cts.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for Toilet. Trial tablet for 2-cent stamp. By mail if your dealer does not supply you.

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Combines
Perfection
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ON HIS WAY.

VOICE FROM STAIRS.—That young man ought to be on his way home by this time!
EDITH.—He is, Papa! He's got as far as the hat-rack!

An American product that excels all foreign make is *Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry*. Bouquet perfect.

You need't go to war to test your courage; have your teeth fixed.—*Atchison Globe*.

The tonic, or bitter principle of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, produced from the Aromatic Angostura bark—take only the Original—Abbott's.

It is enough distinction if a man has never sung in a choir, or read an essay at a literary meeting.—*Atchison Globe*.

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"BABY'S FIRST ADVENTURE" is the prettiest, most artistic picture of the day. Painted by the celebrated artist, Herman Kaulbach. The original has been purchased in Munich by the owners of Pabst Malt Extract, expressly for this fine reproduction.

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How to Get a Beautiful Picture Free

When you buy your first six bottles your druggist will make you a present of a lovely Artotype, entitled, "Baby's First Adventure." This fine picture cannot be bought at art stores nor obtained in any other way than that plainly outlined here.

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The undersigned agrees to give the bearer of this certificate one copy, 13x17, of the Artotype in fifteen colors, reproducing "Baby's First Adventure," when each of the numbers hereon has been canceled upon the purchase of a bottle of The "Best" Tonic.

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The Druggist can cancel each one of these spaces

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represents one bottle of THE "BEST" TONIC sold	
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To The Public: Most druggists sell The "Best" Tonic. If yours does not, send us \$1.50 for a half dozen bottles and one picture, or \$2.50 for one dozen bottles and two pictures. Express charges fully prepaid. Address, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Six-Day Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Tourists will find the Lenten season by far the most pleasant time of the year at Old Point Comfort, which gets the first breath of early Spring, and enjoys a season at least three or four weeks nearer Summer than the more northern cities. Washington and Richmond are also cities appearing at their best in the early springtime.

For the benefit of those wishing to visit these three points of great interest, the Pennsylvania Railroad will run the second of the present series of personally-conducted tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington, leaving New York and Philadelphia, on Saturday, March 3.

Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond—in fact, every necessary expense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of \$34.00 from New York, Brooklyn, and Newark; \$32.50 from Trenton; \$31.00 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

OLD POINT COMFORT ONLY.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including luncheon on going trip, one and three-fourths days' board at the Hygeia, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of \$15.00 from New York; \$13.50 from Trenton; \$12.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1106 Broadway, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

PROSPERITY needs more prayer than adversity.—*Ram's Horn.*

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. T. L. Lebanon, Ohio.



OLD OVERHOLT

An honest, old-fashioned Pure Rye Whiskey. Full measure.

Bottled at the Distillery in Bond, under Government supervision. Just what it represents itself to be.

A BAD BREAK.

NELL.—Mad at him? 'Why, he wrote a lovely poem to her.

BELLE.—Yes; but she never read it. When she saw the title of it she tore the whole thing up in a fit of anger. You see, he called it, "Lines on Mabel's Face."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"High-art flavor for high-bred gentlemen"

Nestor Cigarettes



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FAIR AND IMPARTIAL.

HOUSEWIFE (in tears).—Bridget, do you realize that was the best piece of china I had in the house?

BRIDGET.—Shure, Ma'am, Oi 'm not thot designin'!

A NATURAL TENDENCY.

"I guess Binx has just had a raise in salary," said the confirmed cynic.

"Has anybody told you so?"

"No. But he goes about saying he thinks the world is getting better, and that the danger from trusts is greatly magnified, and that human nature is n't so bad, after all. That's the way a man nearly always talks just after he has had a raise in salary."—*Washington Star.*

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These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for Booklet and Samples.

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Take any baby born in 1900 to your shoe-dealer have the foot measurements carefully taken by him and sent to us, and we will have a handsome pair of VICI KID shoes made and returned to the dealer for you. Mind you, not a penny to pay.

VICI DRESSING keeps new leather new and makes old leather like new.

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Green Label.
The Green Label Bottling is
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Whiskey

LOVE'S REPENTANCE.
Too late I staid—alas!—the crime;
All night I mourned my folly;
The guest who takes no note of time
Is sure to miss the trolley.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

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1900

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THE SMART SET

A
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A NEW STANDARD MONTHLY A
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Among its contributors will be such well-known writers as

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The first number of "The Smart Set" will be published March 10th. It will contain a satire on New York society by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor and Reginald de Koven.

The assistant-title, "A Magazine of Cleverness," suggests the aims of "The Smart Set." It will appeal to everyone who is willing to be interested and entertained.

Each number of "The Smart Set" will contain a novel of considerable length, several shorter stories and story-articles, poems and other entertaining matter.

There will be 160 pages of reading matter in each issue. "The Smart Set" will be handsomely printed on the best paper.

The object of "The Smart Set" will be, not to publish the work of well-known writers, but to publish work that will make the writers well known; at the same time work by well-known writers will appear in "The Smart Set."

"The Smart Set" will be a decided departure from the practically stereotyped character of current magazines. Get the first number and you will understand what this means.

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To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

GOSSIP is conducted on the endless chain lines. When it reaches you, break it.—*Atchison Globe.*

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All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

NO MAN wants it known, but secretly he enjoys looking through a woman's magazine. —*Washington Democrat.*

Chester

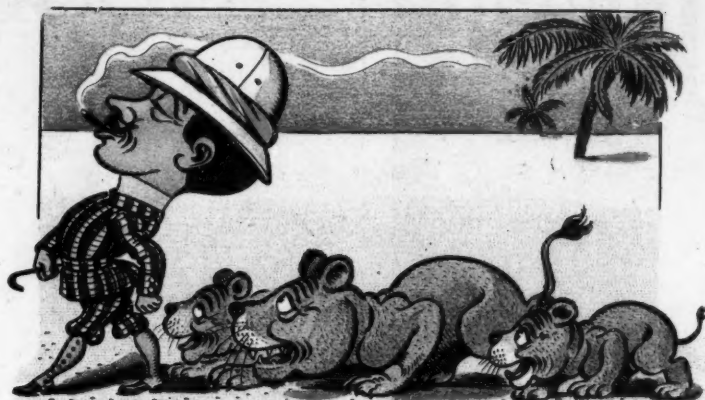


They are all be-stretch that suspend only when you not lose their stretch as others do.

The "Chester" at 50c. A cheaper model at 25c. Sample pairs, postpaid, on receipt of price. Nickle drawer supporters free to purchasers for dealer's name if he is out of them. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass. Branch factory, Brockville, Ontario.



THE LIONESS.—Ah! see yonder! Meals for two or three days. Now, creep up softly!



"Now, crouch low! Be ready to spring when I do. We will tear him into bits!"



THE TRAVELER (as he spies the crouching lions).—Why, this is an unexpected pleasure, Madame!



"I assure you I am delighted to meet such a beautiful specimen of your sex!"



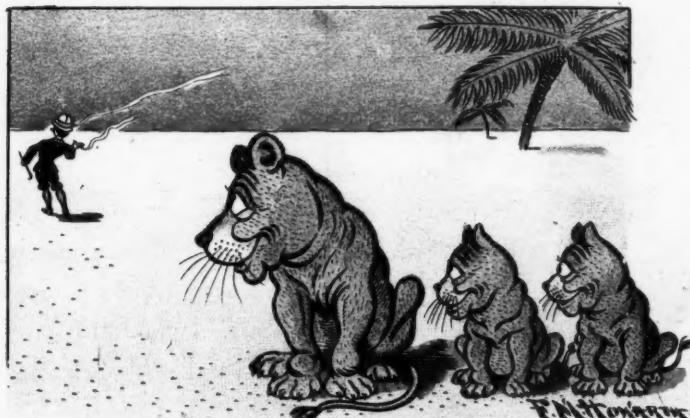
"Such grace! Such loveliness! Those beautiful eyes penetrate my very soul! Such exquisitely soft fur. Ah, me! our sex is but a slave to the beauty of yours!"



"And you really don't mean to say these are your children? Oh, no! Impossible! Why, anyone would take them to be your sisters. Such beautiful, such lovely children! Ah, well! how could they be otherwise with such a mother?"



"Well, I must bid you good-by! This meeting shall be impressed upon my heart forever."



THE LIONESS.—Well, now! That was one of the most gentlemanly men I ever met. So pleasant and nice, and no common flatterer, either. Remember what he said about me, children; but—er—I guess we had better say nothing about it to your father. He is so extremely jealous!